WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

18p
(R-30p
Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 244 Oct. 13th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH

BANANAMAN

YOUR TV STAR

When ordinary schoolboy little Eric eats a banana he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN

I'm captain of the Nuttytown Globetrotters, Readers.

SUDDENLY—

WOW! My ball control's gone haywire. Honest, I'm usually quite good.

MEANWHILE—

But there's nothing wrong with MY ball control. CACKLE!

READER'S VOICE

Boo! It's General Blight's nasty pal, Doctor Gloom!

GOLLY! It's bounced into this creepy old mansion. It's probably looking for the BALL room.

Welcome to my nightmare, you nice little boy, you.

Er, can I have my ball back?

Of course, and here, have a banana. Go on, take it!

My mum says I shouldn't eat between snacks.

CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

Have YOU got your Bananaman annual yet? It's in the shops now!

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

EARLY ONE MORNING—

HO! HO! Nobody likes a rotter first thing in the morning, Readers—that's why I'm up.

Morning, Jocky—soon be time for your dawn chorus.

Yes, I'm ready.

Morning Dad! Early to bed and up with the lark!

COCK-A DOODLE-DOO!

AAIEE! That's no lark, you rotter.

SHORTLY—

GROOGH! I've got soap in my eyes. Seeing as you're up so early, Jay R, make yourself useful and pass me the towel.

I surely will, Dad.

It's right over here, Daddy.

Shee! I didn't think our bathroom was so big.

There you are, Dad.

Thanks, Son.

What on Earth . . ?

Get your mug off my best curtains.

YANK

C-CURTAINS?!?

HYUK! HYUK! I haven't been so rotten so early for ages.

MINUTES LATER—

Outta my way, Jay R. I'm having first read of the paper—so there!

I kindly collected it from the paper boy, Father.

GRR! My paper's been cut to ribbons.

I've got the sports news, the cartoons and the TV section. Pretty rotten, eh?

UGH! And my boiled egg's been switched for a raw one. Of all the rotten tricks.

What's even more rotten is I've got Dad up on his day off.

SPLAT!

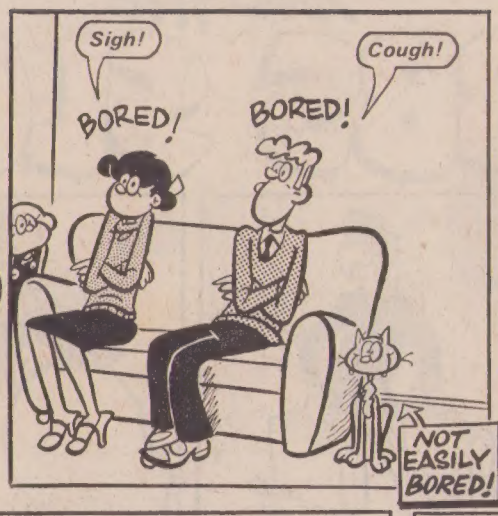
BUT—

Yes, and I was going to take you to the zoo today but I think I'll go to work instead—it's safer.

OH, NO! You rotter, Dad.

NTY. 13.10.84

PETER Pest


Sigh!
BORED!
Cough!
BORED!
NOT EASILY BORED!

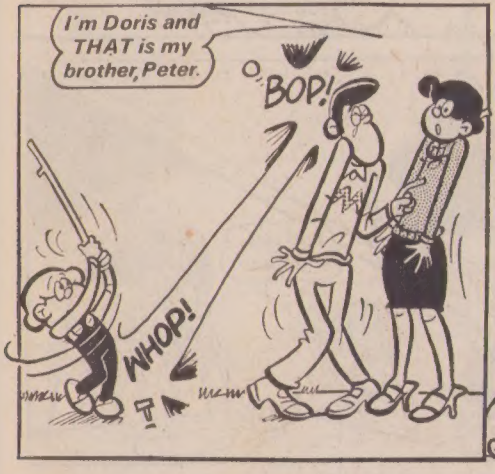
Nice weather we're having!

This is boring—get rid of this bloke, Peter.
No trouble!

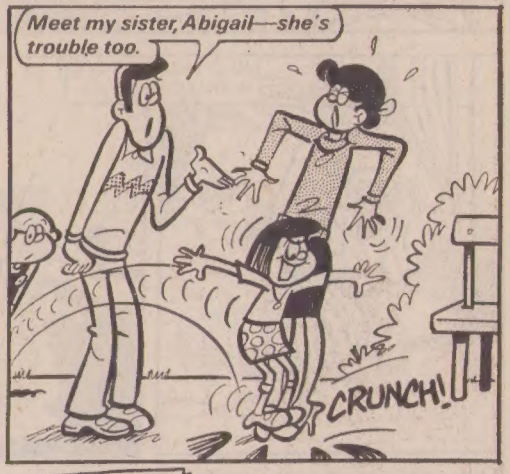
Scream!
Heh! Heh!
None of your boyfriends like my collection of big black beetles.
SHAKE

I never have anything in common with my boyfriends.
GLOOM!
An' some of them were very common. Yuk! Yuk!

LATER, IN THE PARK—
Hello, there!
What a hunk.
PARK

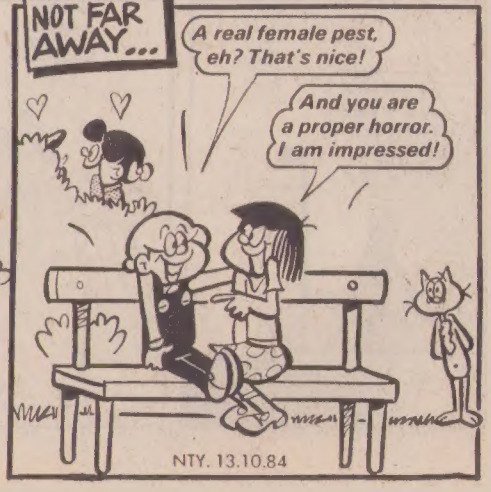

I'm Doris and THAT is my brother, Peter.
BOP!
WHOP!

I'm sorry—he's a real pest.
That's okay—I understand.
THROB

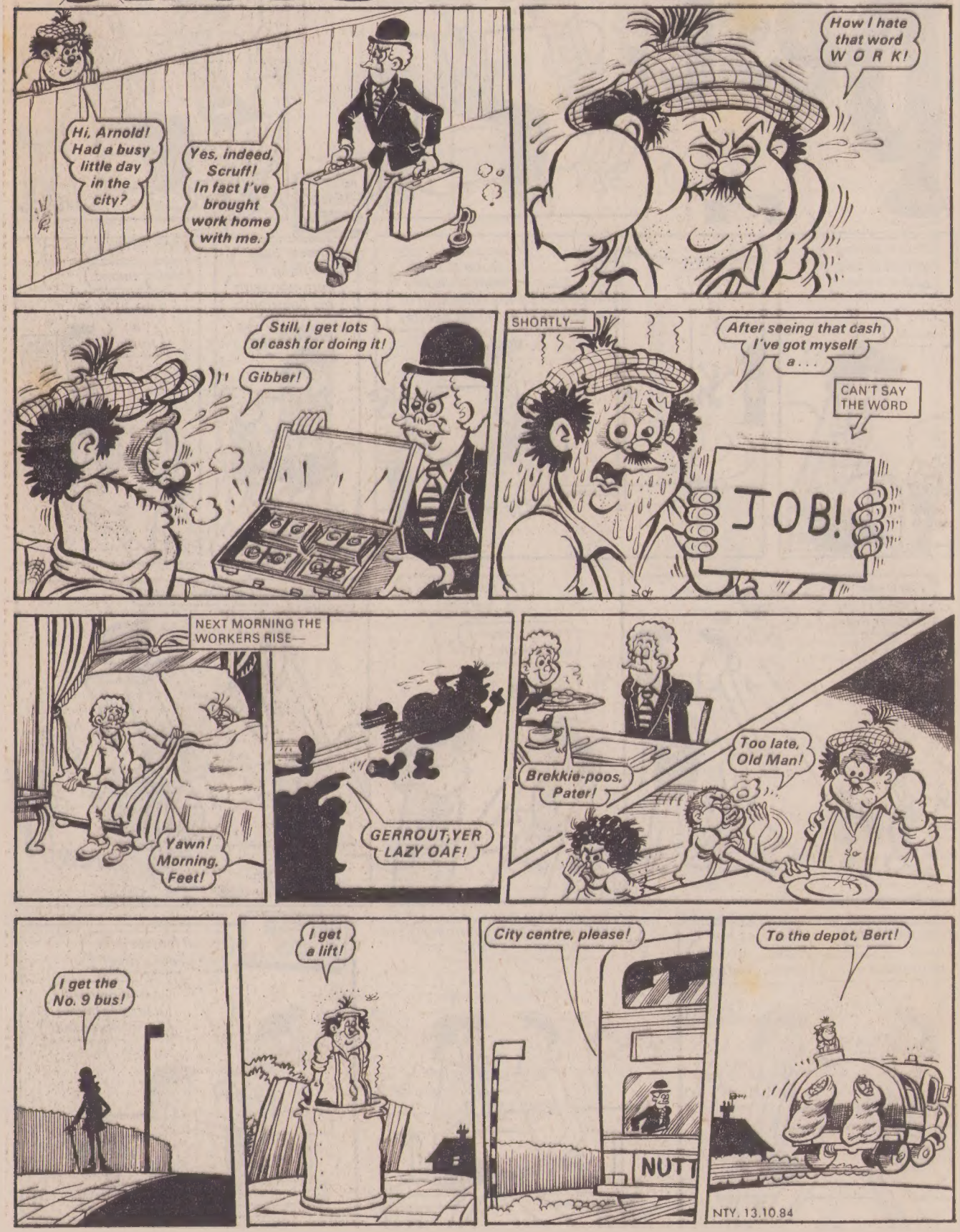

Meet my sister, Abigail—she's trouble too.
CRUNCH!

Abigail leads me a merry dance...
So does our Peter... gossip chat... natter!

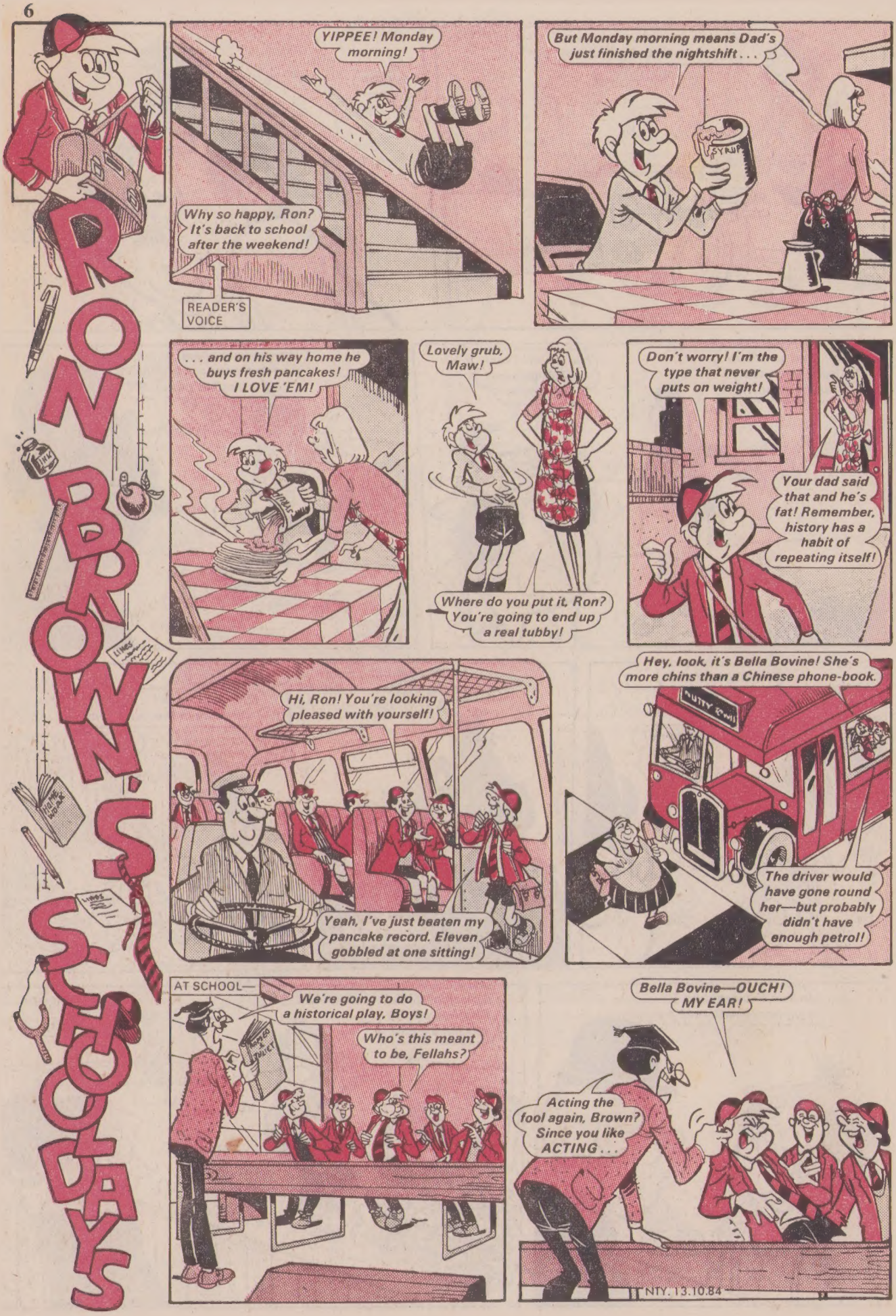
So we've both got something in common—PESTS!


NOT FAR AWAY...
A real female pest, eh? That's nice!
And you are a proper horror. I am impressed!
NTY. 13.10.84

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

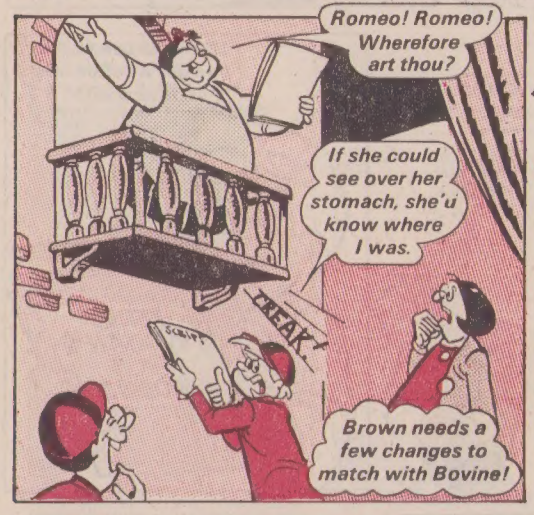

Hi, Arnold! Had a busy little day in the city?
Yes, indeed, Scruff! In fact I've brought work home with me.
How I hate that word WORK!
Still, I get lots of cash for doing it!
Gibber!
SHORTLY—
After seeing that cash I've got myself a...
CAN'T SAY THE WORD
JOB!
NEXT MORNING THE WORKERS RISE—
Yawn! Morning, Feet!
GERROUT, YER LAZY OAF!
Brekkie-poos, Pater!
Too late, Old Man!
I get the No. 9 bus!
I get a lift!
City centre, please!
NUTT
To the depot, Bert!
NTY. 13.10.84

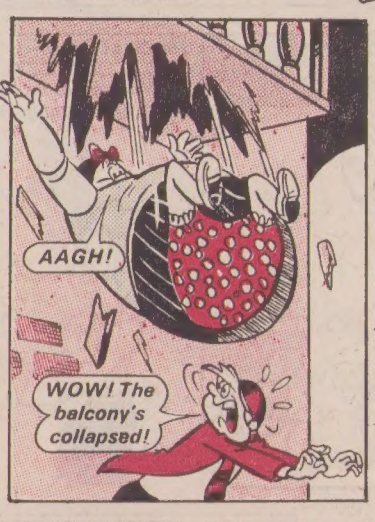
Marvie job this street sweepin'! Get me own company vehicle!
HOI!
Who hois?
Look here, you lout! You've missed some trash!
Hummph! Trust snobby-britches to spot it.
Now sweep ahead of me 'cos I don't want my expensive city shoes dirty.
Ohmegosh! I've burned out me brush!
Pathetic! Tut-tut and tut!
Lucky yer has a good moustache — makes a fine brush it does!
SCREAM!
THAT NIGHT—
Evening, Slobb — how did your day in the gutter go?
No probs, Arnie!
In fact I've brought work home with me!
What?
Smashin' trash! Finishes off the garden a treat!
Oooo! He is disgusting!
NTY. 13.10.84

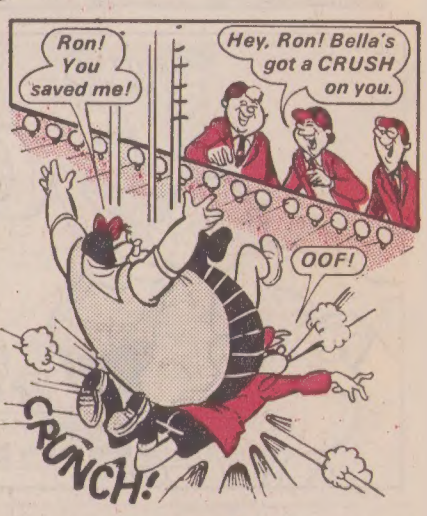

RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS
YIPPEE! Monday morning!
Why so happy, Ron? It's back to school after the weekend!
READER'S VOICE
But Monday morning means Dad's just finished the nightshift . . .
SYRUP
. . . and on his way home he buys fresh pancakes! I LOVE 'EM!
Lovely grub, Maw!
Where do you put it, Ron? You're going to end up a real tubby!
Don't worry! I'm the type that never puts on weight!
Your dad said that and he's fat! Remember, history has a habit of repeating itself!
Hi, Ron! You're looking pleased with yourself!
Yeah, I've just beaten my pancake record. Eleven gobbled at one sitting!
Hey, look, it's Bella Bovine! She's more chins than a Chinese phone-book.
NUTTY TOWN
The driver would have gone round her—but probably didn't have enough petrol!
AT SCHOOL—
We're going to do a historical play, Boys!
Who's this meant to be, Fellahs?
Bella Bovine—OUCH! MY EAR!
Acting the fool again, Brown? Since you like ACTING . . .
NTY. 13.10.84

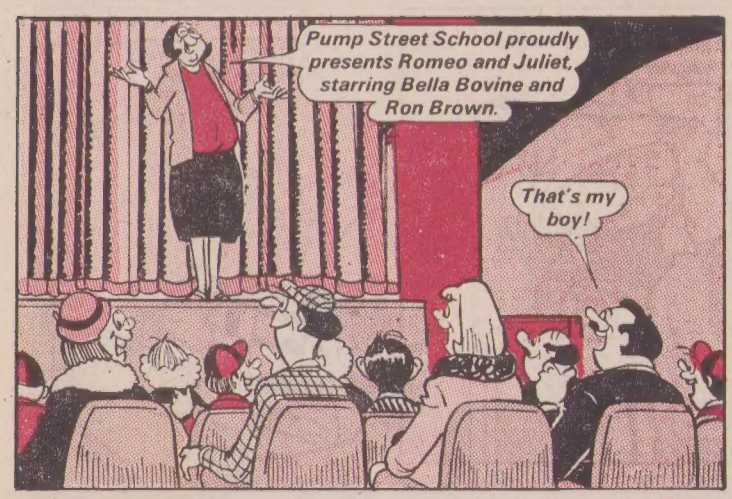
. . . You can play the leading male role in our play! Ah, come in, Miss Grunt!
This could be all right. Diana Goodbody's in Grunter's class and she's a cracker!

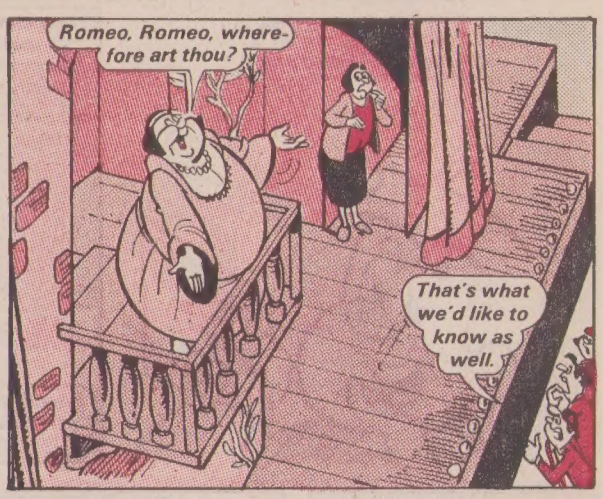
Bovine here is our best actress—she'll play Juliet.
NO! YOU CAN'T!


Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore art thou?
If she could see over her stomach, she'd know where I was.
TREAK!
Brown needs a few changes to match with Bovine!

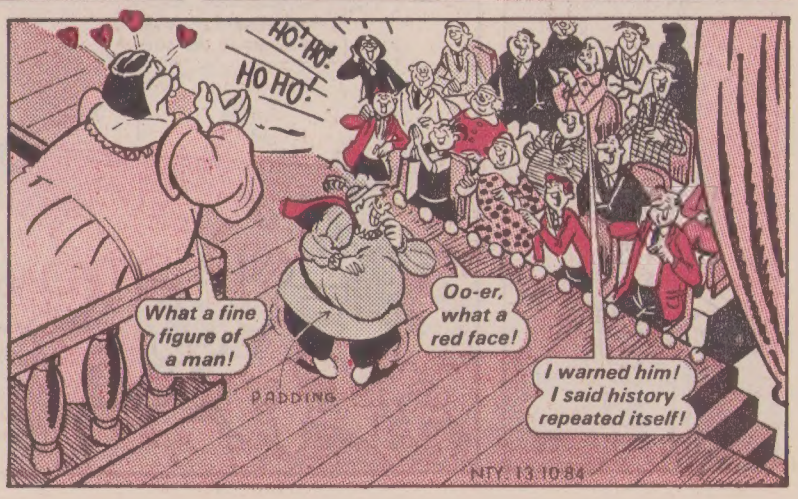

AAGH!
WOW! The balcony's collapsed!


Ron! You saved me!
Hey, Ron! Bella's got a CRUSH on you.
OOF!
CRUNCH!

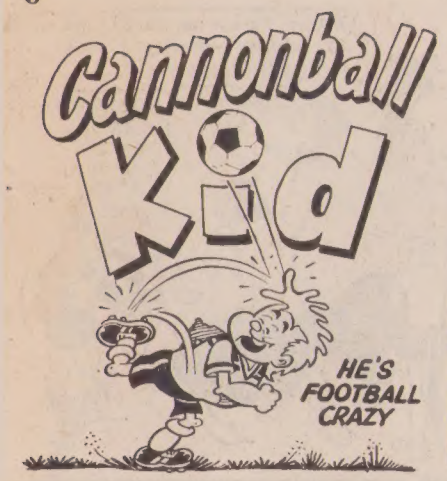

Pump Street School proudly presents Romeo and Juliet, starring Bella Bovine and Ron Brown.
That's my boy!

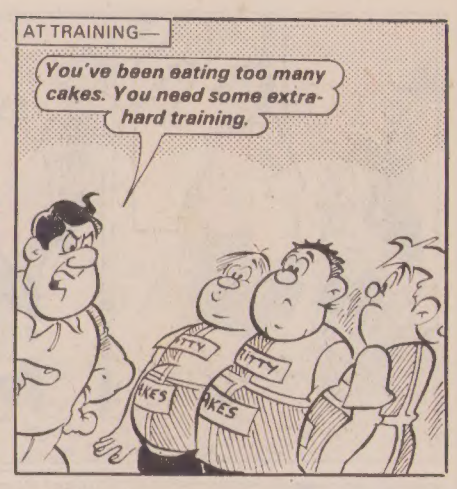

Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou?
That's what we'd like to know as well.

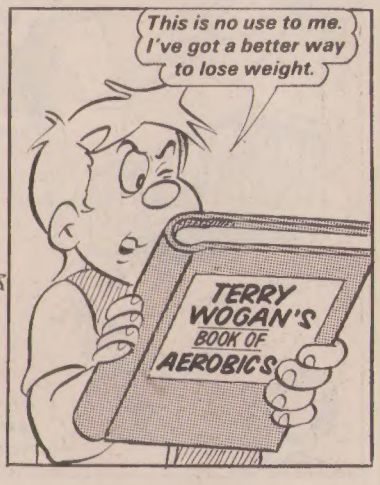
But I can't go out like this—I'll be a laughing stock!
You and Juliet are meant to be a matched couple—so out you go!


HO-HO!
HO HO!
What a fine figure of a man!
Oo-er, what a red face!
I warned him! I said history repeated itself!
PADDING
NTY 13.10.84

Cannonball Kid







HORACE COPE

Coo! It's Tony Woodsock, the famous footballer.
MADAM ZA ZA

PRESENTLY—
Your team will reach the cup final, but you won't be playing—
GRR!

That's not fair! EEEAARGH! My foot!
—Because of your broken toe.

SOON—
You could have stopped that if you'd told him why he'd miss the final before he broke his toe!
LIMP

LATER—
You'll end up face down in the mud!
Why, what a fool! I've never been known to do such a silly thing.

—And you'll end up in the mud because you didn't look where you were going.

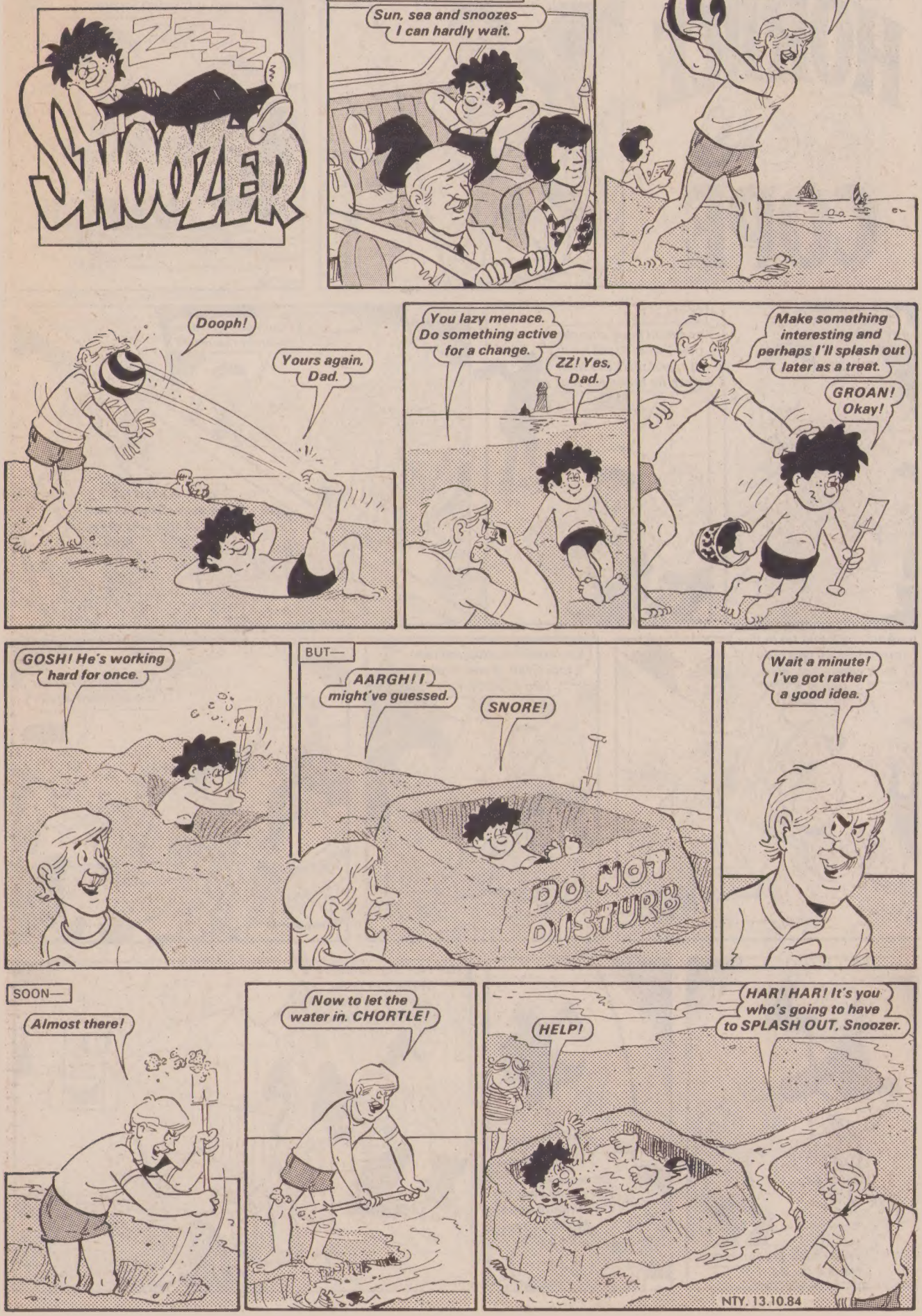
You could've stopped that too, Gran, if you'd told him everything.

PRESENTLY—
Your car will never break down again.

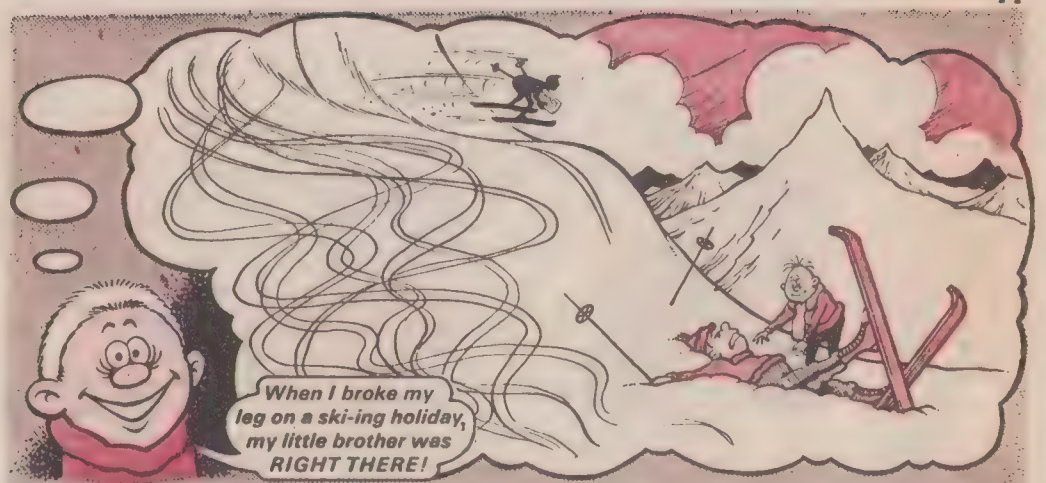
AND—
Why that's great news. Have a tip, son!

CLICK
Because your car's already been broken down.

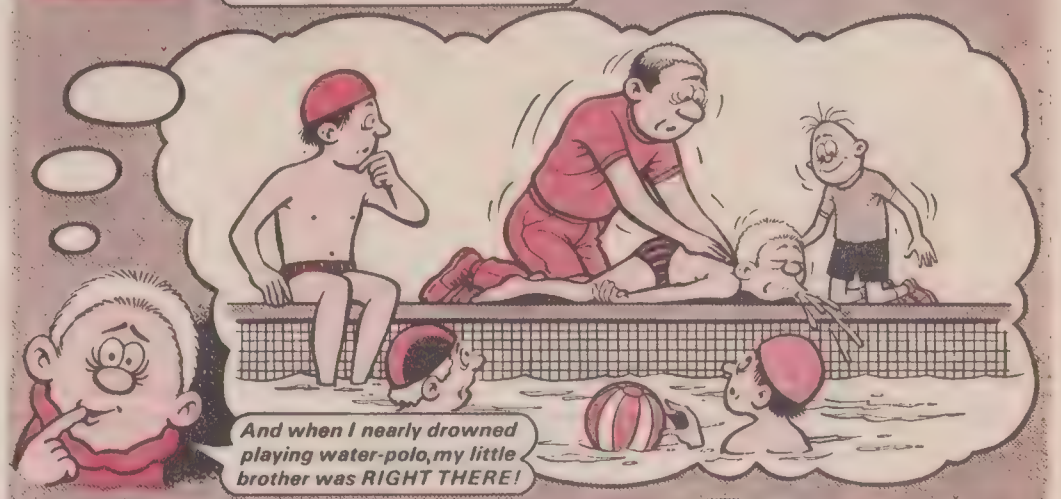
Ho! Ho! Sometimes it's better not to let your clients know everything, Gran!
NTY. 13.10.84

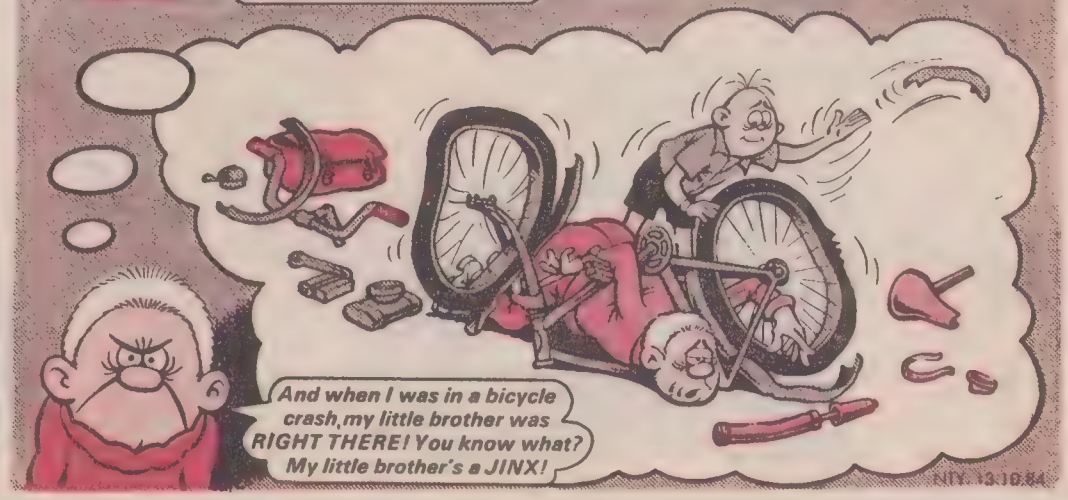

ZZZZ
SNOOZER
THE FAMILY ARE ON A SHORT HOLIDAY ABROAD —
Sun, sea and snoozes— I can hardly wait.
SOON—
Right, Snoozer—catch!
Dooph!
Yours again, Dad.
You lazy menace. Do something active for a change.
ZZ! Yes, Dad.
Make something interesting and perhaps I'll splash out later as a treat.
GROAN! Okay!
GOSH! He's working hard for once.
BUT—
AARGH! I might've guessed.
SNORE!
DO NOT DISTURB
Wait a minute! I've got rather a good idea.
SOON—
Almost there!
Now to let the water in. CHORTLE!
HELP!
HAR! HAR! It's you who's going to have to SPLASH OUT, Snoozer.
NTY. 13.10.84

NUTTY TALES


When I broke my leg on a ski-ing holiday, my little brother was RIGHT THERE!

When I was stretchered off at a football match, my little brother was RIGHT THERE!


And when I nearly drowned playing water-polo, my little brother was RIGHT THERE!


And when I was in a bicycle crash, my little brother was RIGHT THERE! You know what? My little brother's a JINX!

BANANA

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE—

But I won't tell your mum.

Okay, gimme it, gimme it.

BLIMEROO!

WHIMPER! What's happened? I felt so much tougher and stronger as a little boy.

HAR! HAR! My extra yellow banana has made YOU extra yellow and cowardly.

Don't hit me, please. Be gentle with me, you rippling muscle-bound brute.

Stop snivelling, Bananasap.

Go to your dungeon, you naughty hero you!

What a beautiful cell, with its own slimy walls. You shouldn't have gone to so much trouble.

SOON—

SCREAM! A huge nasty vicious black-plumed eagle.

Eh? It's me, Mr B—CROW! I've an idea.

The big softy's such a coward he's scared of his own shadow AND my latest SHADOWS LP.

WHIMPER!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Who can that be? I know—it'll be General Blight with a medal for me.

GANGWAY! Plate of lumpy custard here for the world's biggest cowardy custard, Bananaman.

Eh? I didn't send for meals on wheels!

Dindin time! Come along now, even ex-heroes have to eat.

No, no! I'll burn my mealy mouth on it and the lumpy bits might break my teethy pegs.

WAAGH!

Do as the bird says—OPEN WIDE!

Now get that lot down you.

GLOOPHLE!

HO! HO! Excellent.

SUDDENLY

C'mere, you little four-eyed ferret of a foe.

OH, NO! The lumps in that custard were bits of banana. He's back to normal.

I'll teach you to make a laughing stock of me in front of all these nice Nutty readers.

GERROFF! HOWL!

So now you can be a LAUGHING STOCK yourself.

HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO! STOP THAT!

NTY. 13.10.84

SOON—

Tsk! Must be a gnat nibbling my leg.

He's back to his old fearless self.

Hey, gerroff of there, you great multi-coloured mutt.

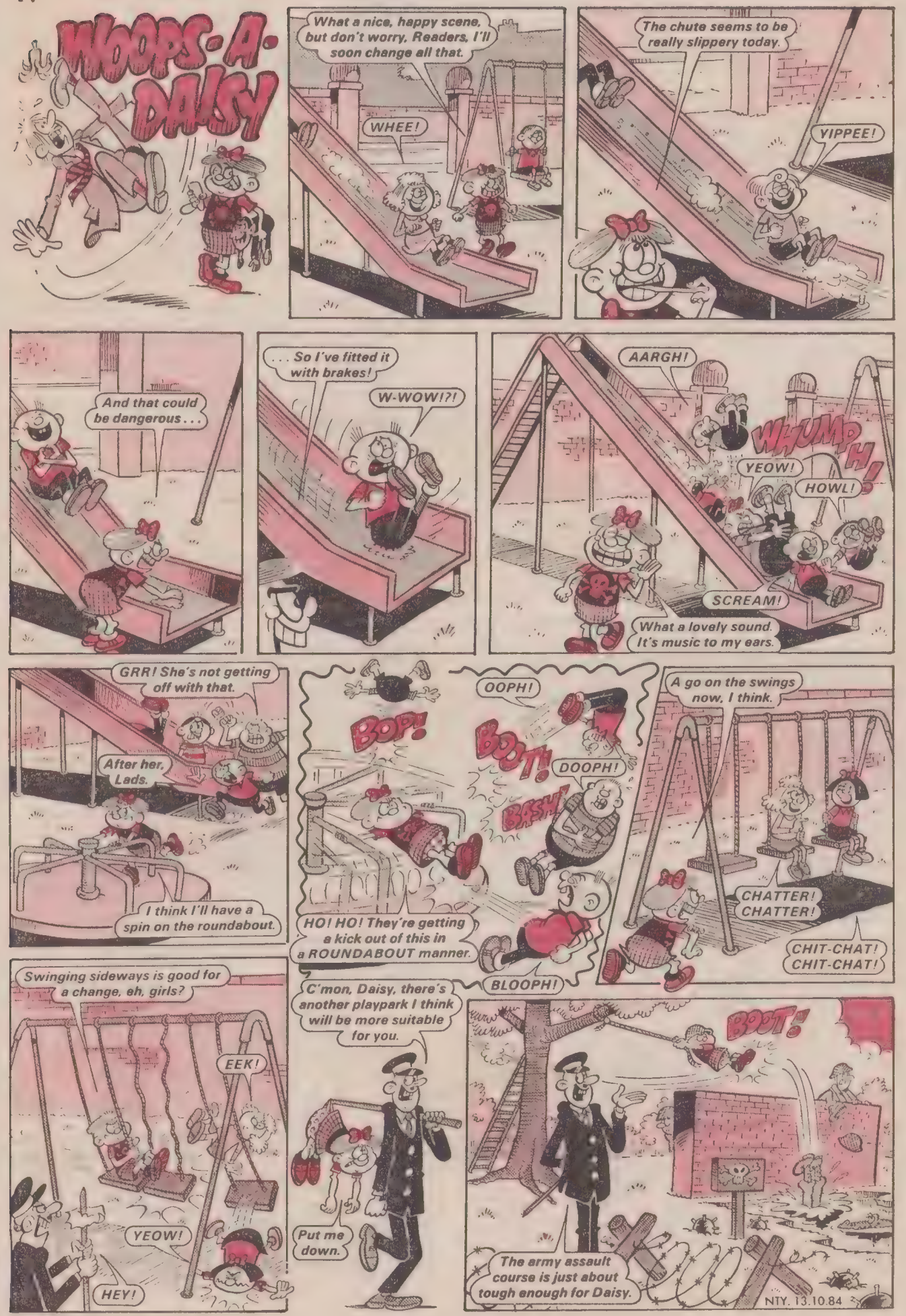
SIGH! Go away, you annoying little man.

NTY. 13.10.84

GRR! My lovely paintwork.

WET PAINT

You've got to be brave to get on in this comic, Crow. Nobody can say I've got a yellow streak down my back.


WOOPS-A-DAISY
What a nice, happy scene, but don't worry, Readers, I'll soon change all that.
WHEE!
The chute seems to be really slippery today.
YIPPEE!
And that could be dangerous...
... So I've fitted it with brakes!
W-WOW!?!
AARGH!
WHUMPH!
YEOW!
HOWL!
SCREAM!
What a lovely sound. It's music to my ears.
GRR! She's not getting off with that.
After her, Lads.
I think I'll have a spin on the roundabout.
OOPH!
BOP!
BOOT!
DOOPH!
BASH!
HO! HO! They're getting a kick out of this in a ROUNDABOUT manner.
BLOOPH!
A go on the swings now, I think.
CHATTER! CHATTER!
CHIT-CHAT! CHIT-CHAT!
Swinging sideways is good for a change, eh, girls?
EEK!
YEOW!
HEY!
C'mon, Daisy, there's another playpark I think will be more suitable for you.
Put me down.
BOOT!
The army assault course is just about tough enough for Daisy.
NTY. 13.10.84

THE PICK OF THE BUNCH

96 FULL-COLOUR PAGES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE TV HERO

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CAPTAIN CREAM...
WEATHERMAN...
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FREE WITH WARLORD and VICTOR

18p

(ISSUES DATED OCT. 13th)

THIS WEEK
FIONA
Must watch Fiona, my favourite newsreader.
England were 40 for 2 wickets when McEnroe came in to bat with a snooker cue and scored a hole in one.
And some late news just in. Fiona the newsreader is about to be kidnapped!
Ho! Ho! Got you! You're coming to my HQ.
Fiona!
I must rescue Fiona.
MEANWHILE—
What a way to capture Bananabonce! He'll come to rescue you and fall right into my trap!
BUT—
OO-ER! I'm running out of Banana power. Must find a banana.
PLINK!
BACK AT BLIGHT'S—
I don't mind being here as long as I can read the news.
VILLAIN
The fete was opened by Lady Gertrude Cuddleswell who wore a floral hat, police uniform and frogman's flippers.
What a bore!
VILLAINS WEEKLY
NTY. 13.10.84

Lost in High Street on Tuesday, brown shopping bag, one year old, answers to Rover.
I can't stop reading news. It's my job!
Oh, belt up!
SNATCH!
Here are today's racing results—
GRR!
This'll stop her!
CHOMP! GOBBLE!
HUH!
BUT
This sauce contains a delicate blend of herbs, spices and sock essence.
STOP IT!
Genuine British antique oil lamp. Made in Taiwan.
I can't take any more!
SHOO! Go away!
BACK WITH OUR HERO—
Found a banana at last. Now to rescue Fiona, pick her up in my strong, manly arms and—
HUH! Too late!
T.V. RENTAL
Fiona, the newsreader was released by General Blight this afternoon. He was quoted as saying, 'I can't take any more of this!'
NTY. 13.10.84

NIP and RRIP
I'll answer that, Nip! You and Rrip head on to the department store. I'll see you there!
Okay, Mum!
What are we shopping for, Masster?
I need a new outfit, Mum says.
Wouldn't fancy being a model, Rrip. If your face doesn't fit—they pull your head off!
He must be the HEAD window dresser!
Mum said I needed shoes. Let's take a look.
SHOES
Good idea, Masster.
This is the very latest fashion.
MMM! Very snazzy!
Great, Masster!
Now we've both got pointed feet, Rrip!
We could do a double-act now, Masster.
Thanks, but Mum'll have to decide when she turns up.
MMM! There's a pair I like!
Hey, Masster!
RRIP! YOU'RE HUGE!
What do you think of my platform boots?
Ho! Ho! They're for pop stars, like Elton John or Gary Glitter!
NTY. 13.10.84

BEDDING DEPARTMENT—
You keep off this water bed, Rrip. Your claws will burst it!
I'll find my own bed then.
WATER BED
Oh, look, Euphemia. A lovely nightdress case.
Isn't it lifelike?
Mmm! Comfy bed. PURRR!
I'll pick it— AAGH!
It's alive!
Hoi! What's your game?
Come on, Rrip! Let's look at the hats.
It must have been a clockwork one!
HATS
This looks a good one.
Doesn't this hat make me look tough?
Hey! Nobody pokes Clint Westwood in the back!
The king's musCATeer does!
Choose your weapon.
I'll brolly you to ribbons!
UMBRELLAS
That's what he thinks.
I've got you now. You're in a corner!
YEOWCH!
MISSED!
So it's you two! I wondered where you were.
GULP! MUM!
Since you like fencing, you can stay behind that FENCE till I'm finished shopping.
NTY. 13.10.84

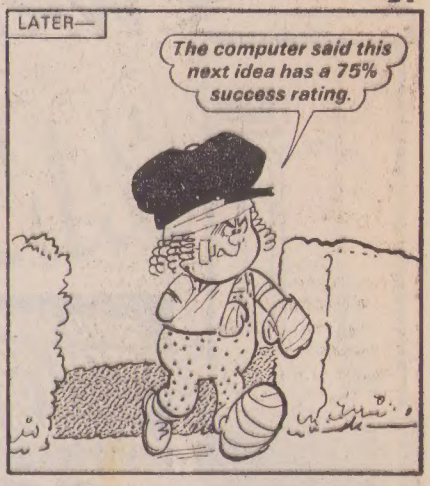
MICRO DOT

I'm broke! I'd better ask my computer how to get some cash.
If I ask Dad for more money, what are my chances of getting it?
98% CHANCE
98%, eh? That sounds hopeful.
Dear old sweet Dad! Can I have . . .
NO!
Erk!
I thought you said my chances were 98%, you heap o' scrap.
CHEEKY TWERP
KEEP WATCHING
Coo! Never thought of that. How am I going to get money then?
98% CHANCE OF FAILURE THAT IS!
URRRK!
OFFER TO WORK FOR IT!
Phew! That's all right then.
YOU DON'T ACTUALLY WORK USE DODGE 112/762/71
SO—
Dad, if I wash your car can I have extra pocket money?
I suppose so!
You're gonna wash my Dad's car, aren't you, Fred?
No!
Wanna change your mind?
No! An' d'you know who says I'm not?

NTY. 13.10.84

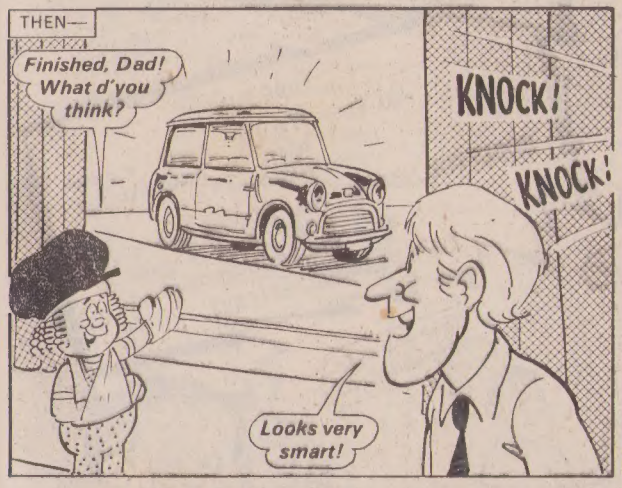
My big brother, that's who!
Gibber!

WALLOP!
THUD!
Me head!
DUFF!
Me nose!
Me knees.
Me EVERYTHIN'!

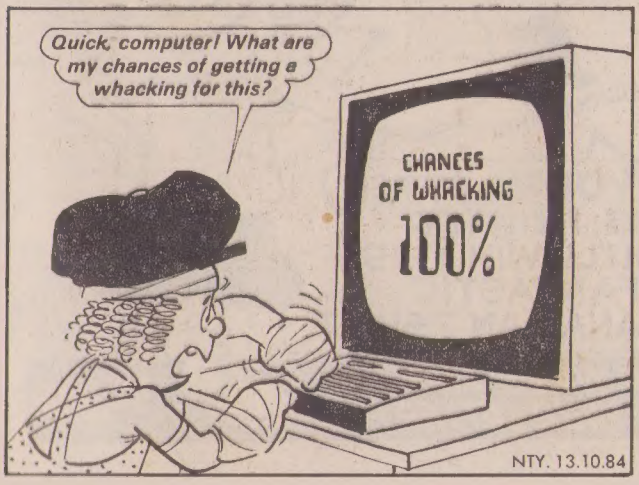

LATER—
The computer said this next idea has a 75% success rating.

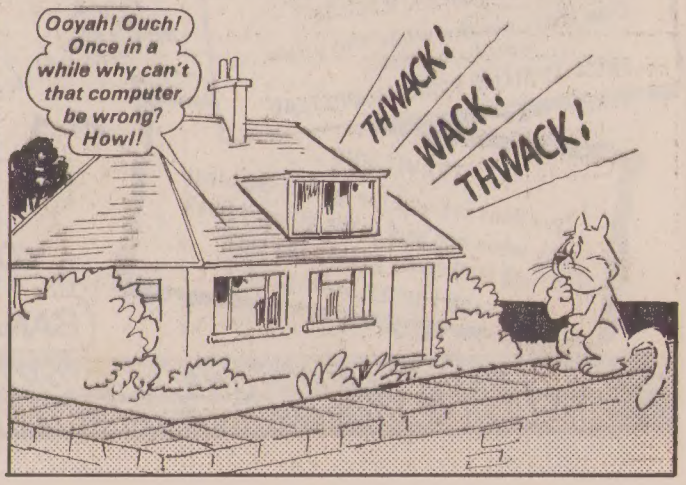
Woe is me! Sniff! My cruel father is making me wash his car. Sob!
Shocking!
Poor lass!

We'll do it for you, Miss!
This dodge is working and so are they!


THEN—
Finished, Dad! What d'you think?
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
Looks very smart!

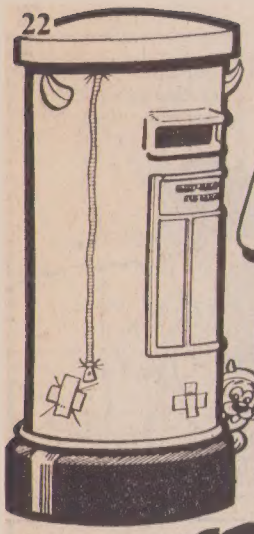
Eh?
Aw, no!
You ought to be ashamed of yourself—making that poor child slave over your car!


Quick, computer! What are my chances of getting a whacking for this?
CHANCES OF WHACKING
100%
NTY. 13.10.84


Ooyah! Ouch! Once in a while why can't that computer be wrong? Howl!
THWACK!
WACK!
THWACK!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

MARK BECKLEY,
LITTLE BOLLINGTON.

HEAT LOSS

Why do you feel cold when you lose your two front teeth?

No central 'EATING'

ROBERT MARKS, CARDIFF.

LOOPY LIMERICK

There was a young lady named Rose
Who had a huge wart on her nose.
When she had it removed
Her appearance improved,
But her glasses slipped down to her toes!

RICHARD MARSHALL, HALESOWEN.

SILLY SAUSAGE

" Doctor, I think I'm mad!"
" Why?"
" Because I like sausages."
" But I like them too."
" You do? You must come and see my collection!"

BARRY WALTERS,
KIRKBY-IN- ASHFIELD.

THE NAME'S THE SAME

What do you call a man who stands under a bridge?

ARCHie!

PHILIP FIELDING, ST. ANNES.

FOOD FUN

JAY R:— Have you ever seen a man-eating alligator?

TWEET WILLIAM:— No, but in the cafe next door I saw a man eating chicken.

LIAM SHANNON, BELFAST.

NICHOLAS WHITE, SOUTHAMPTON.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

What's the difference between a nightwatchman and a butcher?

One stays awake while the other weighs a steak!

MICHAEL ALLEN, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.

TRAVEL BUG

Two fleas were at the market the other day when one said to the other: " Shall we walk home or take the cat?"

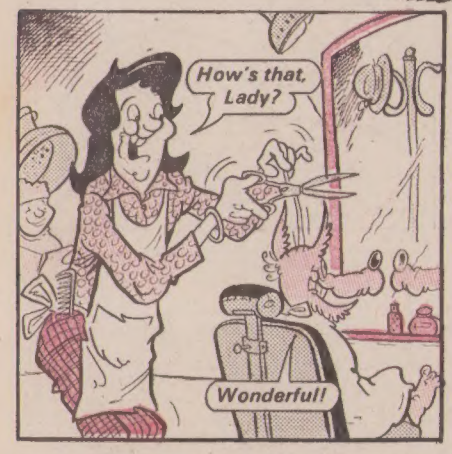
BRIAN FORSEY, WORTHOLT.

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

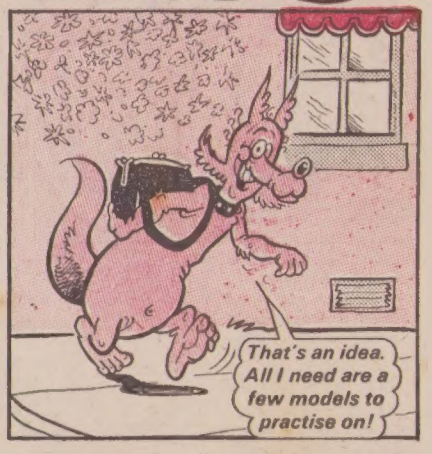
NTY. 13.10.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS

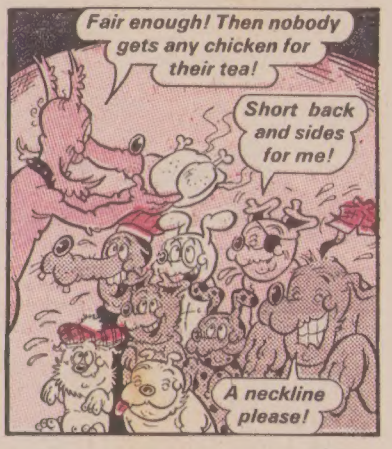

How's that, Lady?
Wonderful!

£1 for a cut and blow-dry! Thank you!
Hairdressing's becoming expensive! I'd be better off with a home perm.


That's an idea. All I need are a few models to practise on!

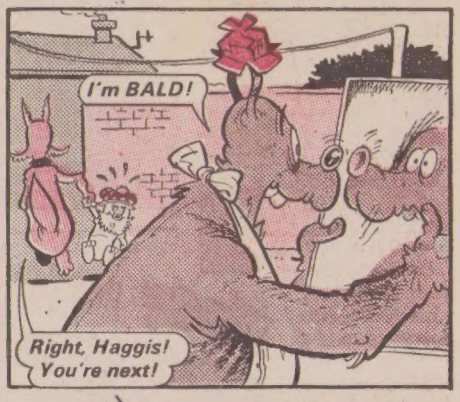
AND SO—
Get the ball off Hunk, Fellers!
SNAP
And the Rovers will do nicely as models, Readers.

Right, you lot! Haircuts!
No way! Summer's over!
We need our coats for the winter!

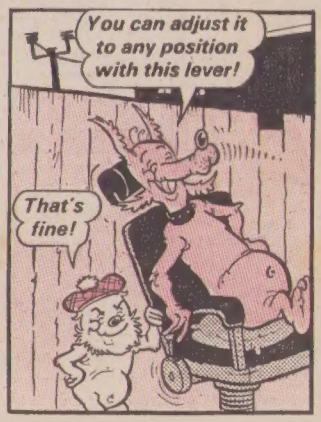

Fair enough! Then nobody gets any chicken for their tea!
Short back and sides for me!
A neckline please!

SNIP SNIP
I'll give you the film star look, Hunk.

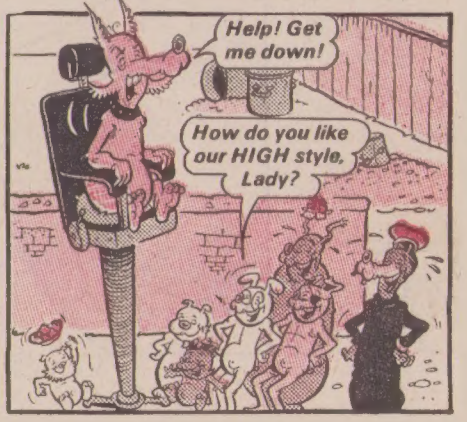
Ho! Ho! Ho!
There, my "Kojak" special.
What's up? What's she done?


I'm BALD!
Right, Haggis! You're next!

Sitting comfortably?
No! Could you show me how to sit in it?
NTY. 13.10.84


You can adjust it to any position with this lever!
That's fine!

Your TURN, Lady!
WHIZZ


Help! Get me down!
How do you like our HIGH style, Lady?

CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

Whoop-de-doo! Me's a cowboy!

No cowboys in the supermarket.

Me no listen to squaws!

Me's gotta smashin' wagon train.

EEK!

BASH!

Now-now, Sonny! I'll keep this gun until your Mummy is finished shopping.

Ulp!

Me's plenty bored wif this, Partners!

Tum-tum!

WHAP!

Me'll borrow this price gun.

Shootin' prices on things is nearly as good as cowboyin'!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

'Cept me's priced everyfin WRONG!

What a nerve!

What a bargain!

You little bandit! If this was the wild west there would be a price on your head.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

'AT'S A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD!

10p 10p 10p

SUPER

OUT! GO! CLEAR OFF!

Get gallopin', Mum! Don't let 'at baddie catch us!

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